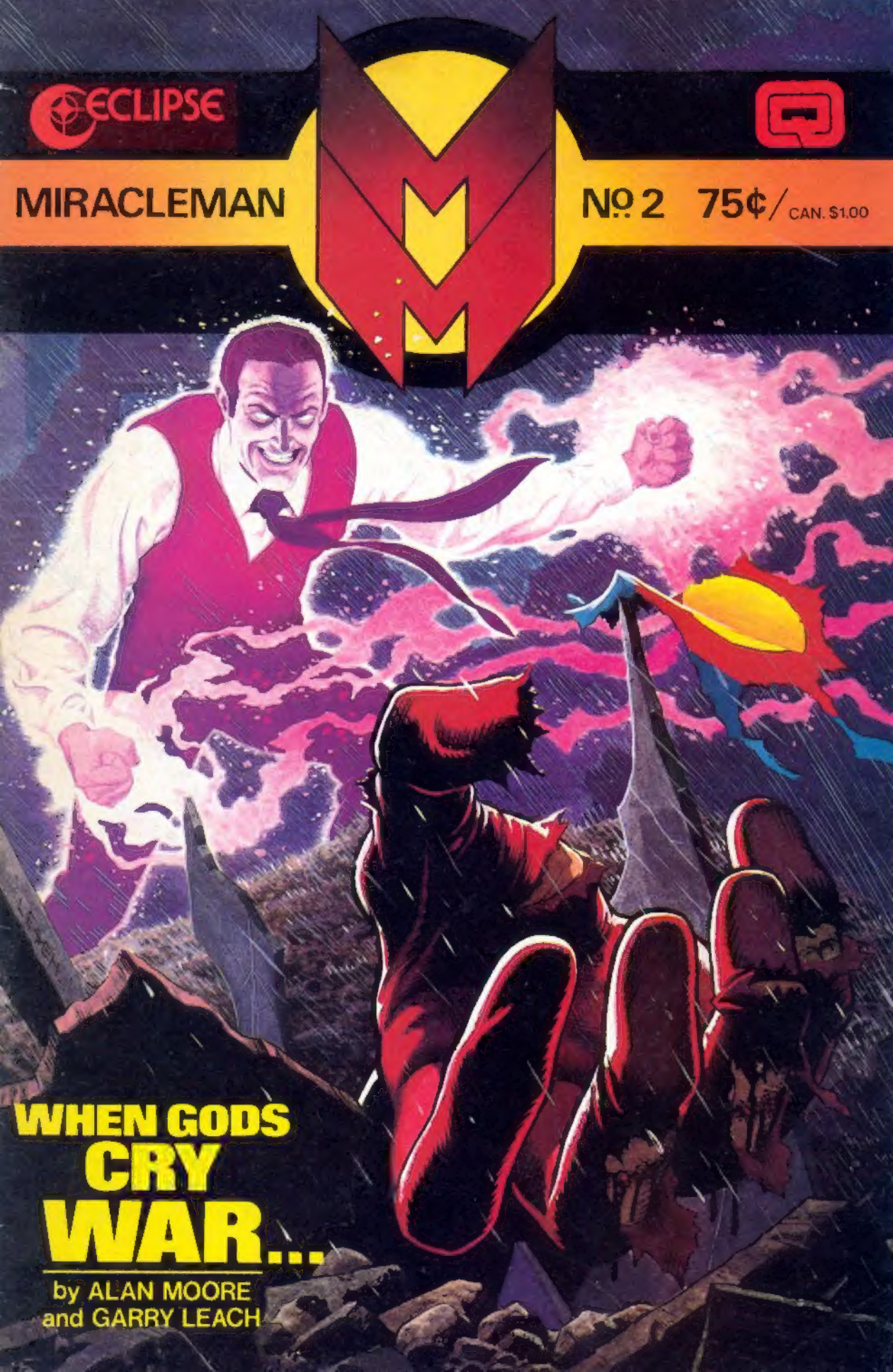

ECLIPSE
MIRACLEMAN
№ 2 75¢/ CAN. $1.00
WHEN GODS CRY WAR...
by ALAN MOORE and GARRY LEACH

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 5

DRAGONS

BY ALAN MOORE & GARRY LEACH

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE HEROES.

THEY KNEW MAGIC WORDS, THEY DID GOOD DEEDS, AND THEY KILLED ALL THE MONSTERS AND DRAGONS... THEY WERE LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER WHEN ONE OF THEM DIED. HIS NAME WAS YOUNG MIRACLEMAN AND HE DIED BY FIRE. ONE UP TO THE DRAGONS.

THE SECOND HERO WAS CALLED MIRACLEMAN. HE CAME THROUGH THE FIRE, BUT IT MADE HIM FORGET HE WAS A HERO. HE MARRIED, AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER....

M-MIKE HE ISN'T FALLING! WHY, MIKE?

UNTIL YESTERDAY. YESTERDAY HE REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS A HERO. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL TODAY THAT HE REMEMBERED ABOUT THE DRAGONS...

THE THIRD HERO WAS ONLY A LITTLE BOY. HE WAS CALLED KID MIRACLEMAN AND HE WAS VERY POWERFUL. WITHOUT THE OTHER TWO HEROES TO BOTHER HIM, HE COULD DO WHATEVER HE LIKED.

WHY ISN'T HE FALLING??

HE GREW UP. HE GREW UP INTO A DRAGON.

KRAAASH!

W-WHY??

GET OUT, LIZ. GET OUT THE BUILDING. GET OUT THE AREA! NOW, LIZ!!

...AND SHE RUNS. LIZ MORAN IS A BRAVE WOMAN, AND SHE LOVES HER HUSBAND VERY MUCH. BUT SHE IS ONLY HUMAN. SHE RUNS...

RUN AS FAR AS YOU LIKE, MRS MORAN. I'LL FIND YOU! JUST AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED KILLING YOUR HUSBAND!

MR. BATES DID YOU....

FOR TO BE HUMAN IS NOT ENOUGH...

...WANT COFFEE ☆

OH...

OH, CHRIST.

WHEN GODS CRY WAR AMIDST THE THUNDER.

YOU DROPPED THE COFFEE, STEPHANIE.

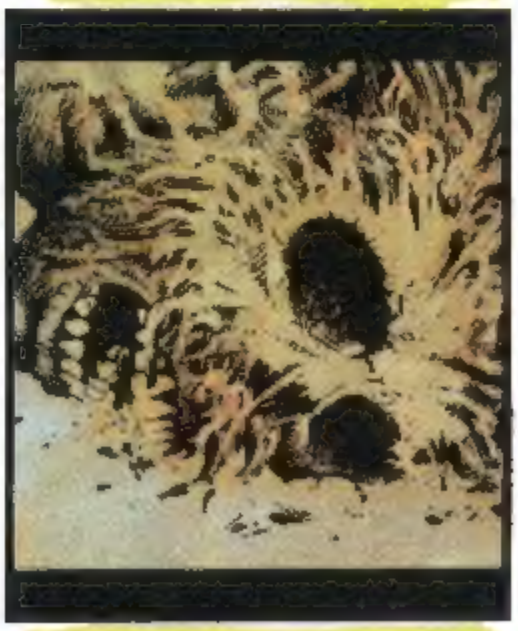
...HUH... HHUH...

HER NAME IS STEPHANIE. SHE LIKES ADAM AND THE ANTS. HER BOYFRIENDS NAME IS BRIAN. SHE COLLECTS WEDGEWOOD. HER INSIDES HAVE TURNED TO WATER. SHE IS ONLY HUMAN.

YOU DROPPED THE COFFEE!

HE LOOKS AT THE CHARRED AND PULVERISED THING THAT HAD MET THE GAZE OF A DRAGON. HE WANTS TO VOMIT.

AND HE THINKS, "THAT COULD HAVE BEEN LIZ."



HE LOOKS AT THE TIGER-SMILE AND THE DRAGON EYES OF THE THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A BOY CALLED JOHNNY BATES. HE WANTS TO VOMIT.

AND HE THINKS, "THAT COULD HAVE BEEN ME!"

WHY, JOHN? SHE HADN'T DONE ANYTHING...

JESUS CHRIST, WHY?

JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I DON'T MIND DOING THAT SORT OF THING.

IN FACT, I QUITE ENJOY IT.

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOUR WIFE.

...KIMOTA.

SHARP SPIN-CH!!

HRRRRUNCH!

WELL, WELL ... THE OLD MAN'S SAID HIS MAGIC WORD AND TURNED INTO THE BIG BLUE BANANA. DO YOU THINK YOU'RE **SAFE** NOW, OLD MAN?

YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT, HAVE YOU? YOU WERE ONLY A SUPERHUMAN FOR NINE YEARS. I'VE BEEN ONE FOR THE PAST TWENTY FIVE. I'M STRONGER. I CAN DO THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ...

YAAAAAAAAA!!

ZZZAAATTT!

I CAN **HURT** YOU!

IT'S **SUPERMAN**! MUM, LOOK. IT'S **SUPERMAN**!! HE'S USING HIS X-RAY VISION!! YOU SAID HE WASN'T REAL!! HEY! ARE YOU SUPERMAN? I'M WAYNE. I THOUGHT YOUR FILM WAS GREAT!

WAYNE!!

GGGAAAAAA...

CAN YOU FLY?

WHY **YES**, WAYNE, I'M SUPERMAN. I **CAN** FLY. WOULD **YOU** LIKE TO FLY, WAYNE?

UH, WELL, I DON'T... YOU SEE MY MUM...

OH MY GOD... THAT CHILD...

HE ISN'T GOING TO...

COME ON, WAYNE. MUM WON'T MIND. SHE KNOWS YOU'RE SAFE WITH SUPERMAN.

UP... UP...

HUHH...

HE **IS**!

...AND AWAAAAY !!

...WAYNE...

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS THAT WALL ! I'VE GOT TO...

BROFFF!

DONE IT !

HE'S ALRIGHT. I CAUGHT HIM. I THINK I MIGHT HAVE BROKEN A COUPLE OF HIS RIBS... THE SPEED HE WAS TRAVELLING, YOU SEE. I COULDN'T... UH...

...I'M SORRY... I COULDN'T HELP IT... IT WAS THE SPEED...

GIVE HIM TO ME, YOU BLOODY MONSTER !!

WAYNE. OH GOD, OH LOVE, WAYNE...

THRAAAK

OH GOD. HE KNOCKED ME INTO THE SKY. HOW DID HE GET TO BE SO **STRONG** ?? WHY IS HE DOING THIS ? WHY HAS HE GROWN UP WHILE MIRACLEMAN HASN'T AGED ? THIS IS ALL TOO FAST. I NEED TIME TO THINK...

NO GOOD. HE'S COMING AFTER ME !

MAYBE IF I HIDE IN THIS CLOUD BANK I CAN BUY MYSELF SOME TIME.

CAN'T FIGHT HIM YET, I'M...

...I'M AFRAID OF HIM!

SCARED, MORAN? SURELY NOT. SURELY THE BIG STRONG SUPERHERO ISN'T SCARED OF THE LITTLE KID HE USED TO PUSH AROUND AND PATRONISE?

ITS NO GOOD HIDING, OLD MAN. I TOLD YOU... I'M STRONGER NOW. I CAN DO THINGS THAT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

HE CONCENTRATES. POSITIVE IONS BEGIN TO BUILD IN THE SWIRLING BLACKNESS ABOUT HIM...

AND NEARBY...

SKIN TINGLING... AURA STARTING TO SPIT AND CRACKLE...

WHAT'S HE DOING??

HE'S BUILDING A THUNDERBOLT.

ZAP!

IT'S GOT YOUR NAME ON IT.

...NNUNHHHHH...

AH, THERE YOU ARE. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLD MAN? SPOT OF AIRSICKNESS?

THEN ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU DOWN!

THRAAAT!

MACH ONE

THR...TT!

MACH TWO

MACH THREE

THRAAAT

J-JOHNNY...?

DDHRUDD!

A CROW-BLACK SHAPE DROPS FROM THE SEETHING HELL OF THE SKY, DOWN TO THE RIM OF THE STILL-SMOULDERING CRATER...

HE IS READY TO FIGHT AGAIN.

HIS DRAGON EYES PEER THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF DUST, SEARCHING FOR A SIGN OF LIFE, OF SURVIVAL... BUT THERE IS NO SIGN. NONE AT ALL. HE SMILES A TIGER SMILE...

AFTER A WHILE HE TURNS AWAY TO LOOK AT THE CITY SPREAD BEHIND HIM... LONDON, HUDDLED AGAINST THE STINGING RAIN...

HE WONDERS WHAT TO DO NEXT.

END OF CHAPTER 5

THE SKY CRACKS, SHATTERING INTO A THOUSAND BLACK FRAGMENTS. SHE DRIVES, RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE LIGHTNING.

RUNNING FOR HER LIFE.

"GET OUT OF THE BUILDING, LIZ. GET OUT OF THE AREA!"

"I'LL FIND YOU, MRS. MORAN. JUST AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED KILLING YOUR HUSBAND."

SHE DRIVES.

NAME: ELIZABETH MORAN. GENUS: HOMO SAPIEN. A SPECIES WHICH UNTIL YESTERDAY WAS THOUGHT TO BE THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM ON EARTH.

YESTERDAY SHE LEARNED THAT HER HUSBAND OF SIXTEEN YEARS WAS A SUPERHUMAN. TODAY SHE MET ONE OF HIS OLD FRIENDS. ANOTHER SUPERHUMAN. A BAD ONE. SHE DRIVES...

AND KNOWS, WITH THE FATALISM COMMON TO HER SPECIES THAT NO MATTER HOW MUCH DISTANCE SHE PUTS BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE STALKING HORROR BEHIND HER...

...IT WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH.

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 6

FALLEN ANGELS, FORGOTTEN THUNDER.

Pencils: ALAN DAVIS Inks: GARRY LEACH COLORS: RON COURTNEY

M-MIKE ?

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES, MRS MORAN.

MIKE'S DEAD. POOR OLD MIKE.

HIS OWN FAULT, I'M AFRAID. I'D HAVE BEEN QUITE HAPPY TO ACHIEVE MY ENDS THE CIVILIZED WAY, STEADILY ACCUMULATING FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL POWER.

WHEN I LEARNED THAT YOUR HUSBAND HAD REGAINED HIS POWER I DECIDED TO CALL HIM UP, TO MEET HIM AND SEE HOW MUCH OF A THREAT HE POSED. NOTHING MORE.

BUT POOR OLD MIKE TIPPED MY HAND. SO I KILLED HIM !

INCH BY PAINFUL INCH THE DEAD MAN STAGGERS OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD. HIS BODY IS A SYMPHONY OF SHRIEKING NERVE AND MUSCLE, EACH STEP A FUGUE OF AGONY.

IN A WAY I FIND IT QUITE A RELIEF NOW THAT EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT I AM. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW **DEGRADING** I FOUND IT, PRETENDING TO BE HUMAN...

I SUPPOSE I WAS JUST BEING OVER-CAUTIOUS, HIDING MY LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL, AS IT WERE. BUT NO MORE, MRS MORAN. NO MORE.

ONLY HIS MIND IS CALM, STILLED BY THE WHITE HOT SILENCE OF BLOODY RESOLVE. THE DEAD MAN HAS UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING...

I'M GOING TO DO IT, YOU SEE, WHERE ALL OF THEM FAILED. LIKE THAT PATHETIC GERMAN CLOWN.. A STUNTED SYPHILITIC PROCLAIMING THE DOCTRINE OF THE SUPERMAN.

POOR ADOLF H. HE HAD NO IDEA. THE **REAL** ERA OF THE OVERMAN STARTS HERE, MRS MORAN. HOW SAD THAT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT...

OH GOD NO, PLEASE...

BATES...

THERE'S A MOMENT [illegible] SILENCE THE STORM HOLDS ITS BREATH

AND SO IT BEGINS

THEY WERE FRIENDS ONCE THESE CREATURES OF NEAR UNIMAGINABLE POWER NOW HORNS LOCKED, THEY FIGHT TO THE DEATH IN THE POUNDING RAIN

WWOCC!

THERE IS PASSION HERE BUT NOT HUMAN PASSION THERE IS FIERCE AND DESPERATE EMOTION BUT NOT AN EMOTION THAT WE WOULD RECOGNIZE

THEY ARE TITANS AND WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE ALIEN INFERNO THAT BLAZES IN THE FURNACE OF THEIR SOULS

WE WILL NEVER GRASP THEIR HOPES THEIR DESPAIR NEVER COMPREHEND THE BLISTERING RAGE THAT INFORMS EACH DEVASTATING BLOW

WE WILL NEVER KNOW THE DESTINY THAT HOWLS IN THEIR HEARTS NEVER KNOW THEIR PAIN THEIR LOVE THEIR ALMOST BESTIAL HATRED

LEAVE HER ALONE!

WE ARE ONLY HUMAN

AND PERHAPS WE WILL BE THE LESS FOR THAT

BLOODY NORA! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?

CHR ST ON A BIKE THINK THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A CLOSE ENCOUNTER

ARE YOU GOING TO ASK THEM TO COME ALONG QUIETLY?

SOD OFF

YEAH R GHT

I'M GE T NG ON TO H Q THEY MIGHT BE PAYING ME TO HANDLE BR X TON BUT I'M BUGGERED IF THEY RE PAY NG ME TO HANDLE THIS

AND

NO NO I KNOW DUGGANS NOT BEEN DR NK NG YEAH THAT S R GHT YO RS IS THE TENTH CALL SO FAR YEAH BLOODY HELL MY WORDS PRE C SELY NO AND T'S NOT MY JOB E THER THIS ONE S FOR THE COMMISS ONER

AND

MY GOD ALL RIGHT WANT THE STREETS CLEARED MMED ATELY AND WANT THE ARMY ALERTED FAST AND THEN I WANT THE HOME OFFICE CODE YELLOW

AND F FTY F VE SEC NDS LA ER ON PREMISES OW ED BY AN OBSCURE BRANCH OF AIRFORCE NTEL GENCE A YEL OW L GHT BEG NS TO WINK OM NOUSLY FROM T S CONSOLE

S A SIGNAL THAT HAS BEEN ANT C PATED FOR NEARLY EIGHTEEN YEARS THE MAN AT THE CON SOLE L STENS FOR A WH LE AND THEN CALLS WH TEHALL

AND A GENT LEMAN CALLED SIR DENN S ARCHER SUDDE N LY REDISCOVERS A COLD DREAD THAT HE HAD THOUGHT BANISHED TWO DECADES BEFORE

OH GOD THEY RE BACK THE MONSTERS ARE BACK

A CAN OF WORMS HAS BEEN OPENED A CAN OF WORMS CALLED PROJECT ZARATHUSTA AND EVERY T ME YOU OPEN A CAN OF WORMS

YES YOU HEARD EXTREME SANCTION I WANT YOU TO SEND FOR MR CREAM.

YOU NEED A BIGGER CAN TO GET THEM ALL BACK N

MEANWHILE

BBDUDDFFF!

OH GOD! I CAN'T FIGHT HIM. HE'S GOING TO TRAMPLE OVER ME OVER L Z OVER THE WORLD AND I CAN'T FIGHT HIM!!

HE'S TOO STRONG

HHUH.

TOO UNBELIEVABLY

STRONG

THE HERO IS LOST ADR FT N THE SW RL NG BLACK STORMFRONTS OF PAIN THE DRAGON ISN'T EVEN BREATHING HARD

BEAT HIM

I BEAT HIM!!

MIKE! DON'T BE DEAD! MIKE!!

SEE HIM FROZEN N VICTORY ET E PORTRAIT OF A MONSTER

KID MIRACLEMAN, JOHNNY BATES HE WAS HUMAN ONCE BUT HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL THAT.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS BLOODY GREAT AND I BEAT HIM TO A WHIMPERING PULP!!

AND NOW I'M GOING TO FINISH HIM OFF! ME! HIS ADORING JUNIOR PROTEGE! ME, KID MIRACLEM...

HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE PRIMAL TERROR THAT HIDES IN THE HEART OF THE LIGHTNING OF THE THUNDER

AN

HE SHOULD NOT HAVE FORGOTTEN THE THUNDER

KHRRRRAAAAKKK

HE SAID "MIRACLEMAN" MY NAME HIS MAGIC WORD HE'S CHANGED

HE'S CHANGED BACK TO HIS HUMAN FORM

NO CHOICE GOT TO KILL HIM GOT TO KILL HIM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO SAY IT AGAIN AND CHANGE BACK GOT TO

M-MIRACLEMAN?

D-DON'T HIT ME I DIDN'T D-DO IT IT WAS HIM IT WUH-WAS HIM

NOT ME

I COULDN'T SUH-STOP HIM. IT WAS HIM MIRACLEMAN

NOT ME NOT ME

OH SWEET JESUS-

HE JUST SAID MY NAME AND HE D DN T CHANGE BACK
HE HASN T ASSUMED HIS HUMAN FORM FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS IT'S AS IF THE POWER BUILD-UP BEHIND THAT THUNDERFLASH HAS BURNED HIM OUT SOMEHOW
MIKE ?
IS T OVER ? OH GOD LOOK AT YOUR POOR POOR FACE WHERE S WHO S THAT ?
T S JONATHAN BATES FORMER HEAD OF SUNBURST CYBERNETICS T S HIM, L Z
BUT HE S ONLY A CHILD. THIS IS MAD M KE
HE WAS THIRTEEN WHEN HE DEC DED TO REMAIN A SUPERHUMAN FOREVER L Z HE S PICK NG UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF
HORRIBLE
L Z WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE THE PO CE W LL SOON OVERCOME THEIR CAUTION AND ARRIVE ON THE SCENE
COME ON T LL BE COLD AND WET BUT CAN CARRY YOU
BUT WHAT ABOUT
WE CAN T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM LIZ NOT NOW WE LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM
JUST LEAVE HIM
NOT ME
SOON THE POLICE CARS ARRIVE AND THEN THE AMBULANCE IS CALLED FOR THE UNIDENTIFIED JUVENILE SHOCK VICTIM FOUND AT THE HEART OF THE BATTLE ZONE
AND SOMEWHERE A BLACK MAN IN A WHITE SU T PICKS UP A TELE PHONE TO ST LL IT S NSISTENT R NGING HE LISTENS H S NAME IS EVELYN CREAM
AND AFTER A WHILE HE SMILES LIPS DRAWING BACK TO REVEAL HOT TEETH
BUT BR LLIANT GLEAMING DAPPH RES THE DEV L IS SM L NG, AND HIS SMILE S A TERR BLE BLUE

Pencils: ALAN DAVIS Inks: GARRY LEACH

ATTR T ON

THE MAN W TH THE SAP PHIRE TEETH LEAVES THE ROOM CLOS NG THE DOOR BEH ND HIM LEAV NG SIR DENNIS ARCHER ALONE IN HIS PERSONAL DARKNESS

F ONLY HE HADN T LET THE MPS OUT OF THE BOTTLE IF ONLY HE HADN T LET THAT TREACHEROUS LITTLE FREAK BU LD H S MONSTERS IF ONLY THE PAST WOULD STAY DEAD

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO KILL A MONSTER BEFORE IT STAYS KILLED? HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR MISTAKES? HE S KILLED THEM BEFORE IN 1963 .

HE REMEMBERS THE TIGHTNESS IN HIS GUT THE SICKLY TENSION IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM OCTOBER THE TWELFTH 1963

THE TARGETS ARE APPROACHING DRAGONSLAYER, SIR DENNIS THREE BL PS WE VE GOT EM

VERY WELL

DETONATE DRAGONSLAYER

HE REMEMBERS HOW THE CENTRAL GREEN L GHT FLARED ON THE SCREEN FOR AN NSTANT HOW BY THE NEXT SWEEP OF THE RADAR IT HAD GONE NO MORE BL PS

THEY RE DEAD THE MONSTERS ARE DEAD PROTECT ZARATHUSTRA IS OFFICIALLY CLOSED GENTLEMEN

CONTROLLER OF THE SPOOKSHOW SIR DENN S ARCHER, CONSIDERS THE GREY WORLD OF ESPIONAGE IT'S PHANTOM COGS OILED BY DEATH

HE IS THE MAN WHO TENDS THE MACHINE BUT IT IS MEN LIKE EVELYN CREAM WHO PROVIDE THE LUBRICATION

EVE LYN CREAM W LL SANCTION THE MONSTER THE DRAGON WILL BE SLAIN

AGA N

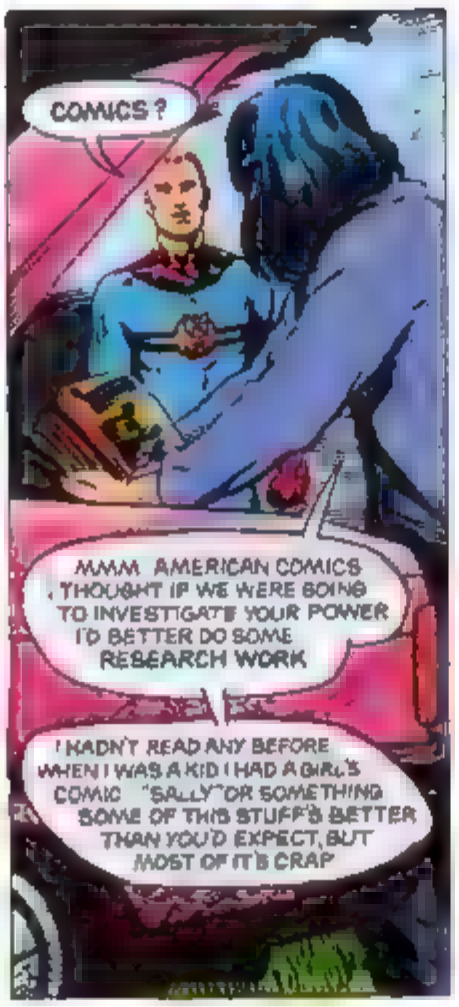
EXCURSION
WELL WE'RE HERE MAYDAY ON DARTMOOR A ROMANTIC CHOICE FOR A DAY TRIP
MIKE YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T MIND THESE TESTS ARE SOMETHING THAT WE HAVE TO DO
YEAH WELL, I SUPPOSE IT IS IMPORTANT BUT THINK YOU'RE OVER-REACTING MOST OF THE HEADLINES WEREN'T SERIOUS THE SUN'S HEADLINE WAS IS IT A BIRD, IS IT A PLANE?
RIGHT AND IN THE MAIL THE HEADLINE WAS "THEY PLAYED CATCH WITH MY BABY - MOTHER OF INJURED CHILD SPEAKS
YOU REMEMBER THAT POOR K'D WHO HAD HIS R BS BROKEN
OH YEAH OKAY
SUPPOSE WE BETTER GET ON WITH IT THEN
COVER YOUR EYES LIZ
KIMOTA

MIRACLEMAN

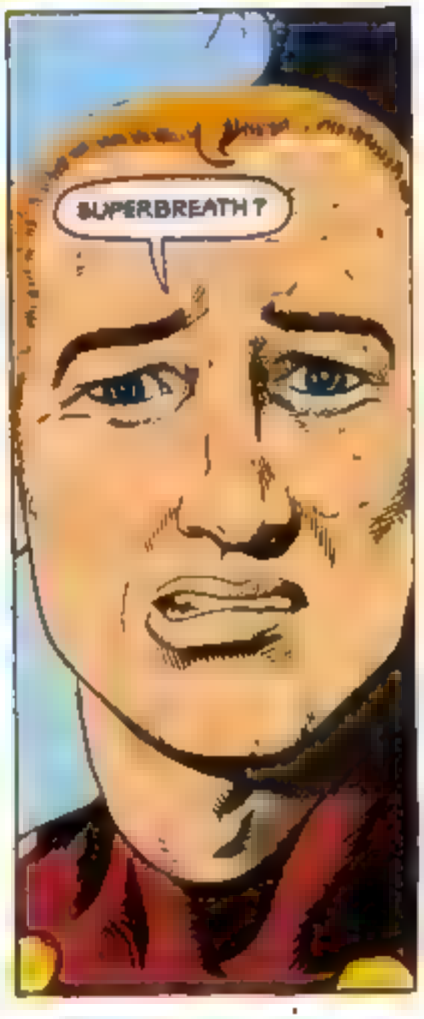
BOOK ONE CHAPTER 7

"SECRET IDENTITY"

OWW
THESE BURNS ON MY FACE STILL HURT I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT HAVE GONE AWAY DURING THE TWO MONTHS THAT I'VE BEEN MIKE MORAN.
THEY'RE HEALING INCREDIBLY FAST YOU KNOW THEY ARE JUST WAIT THERE A MOMENT WHILE GET THE COMICS


COMICS?
MMM AMERICAN COMICS I THOUGHT IF WE WERE GOING TO INVESTIGATE YOUR POWER I'D BETTER DO SOME RESEARCH WORK
I HADN'T READ ANY BEFORE WHEN I WAS A KID I HAD A GIRL'S COMIC "SALLY" OR SOMETHING SOME OF THIS STUFF'S BETTER THAN YOU'D EXPECT, BUT MOST OF IT'S CRAP

I'VE MADE A LIST I'LL CHECK OFF WHAT YOU CAN DO
YOU CAN FLY
YES
AND YOU'RE VERY STRONG AND NEARLY INVULNERABLE
THAT'S RIGHT LIZ, I FEEL STUPID
SHUSH YOU SAID YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH WALLS. DO YOU HAVE SUPERBREATH?



INVESTIGATION

FLIGHT ESTIMATED SPEED OF AT LEAST MACH TWO TOO FAST FOR STOPWATCH

STRONG

VERY VERY STRONG RIDICULOUSLY STRONG CHRIST

INVULNERABLE

YOU BELIEVE ME NOW LIZ? YOU SAID IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO HAVE SKIN TOUGH ENOUGH TO RESIST TREATMENT LIKE THAT

IT'S NOT THAT ROCK HITTING YOU SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN YOUR FEET INTO THIS SOFT EARTH NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOUR SKIN IS YOU'VE HARDLY LEFT A MARK

NO NOT STEEL SKIN A FORCEFIELD MAYBE THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THAT TWINKLY TINKERBELL EFFECT THAT YOU HAVE

BUT YOU SAW ME THROW THAT ROCK INTO THE SKY YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN STRENGTH LIKE THAT WITH A FORCEFIELD

NO. AND YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN IT WITH MUSCLES LIKE A BALLET DANCER EITHER. YOU'RE WELL BUILT BUT YOU'RE NOT ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER TO DO THAT YOU'D NEED MUSCLES LIKE BEACHBALLS

LIKE WRECKING BALLS

MAYBE IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND, MIKE THE POWER

GOD KNOWS I WONDER IF IT'S ALL IN MY MIND OFTEN ENOUGH

DEDUCTION

THE TELEVISION BROADCAST SHOWED THE SUPERHUMAN BURSTING OUT OF LARKSMERE POWER STATION THEREFORE HE HAD TO HAVE BEEN INSIDE IT

ONLY THE TERRORISTS AND THE PRESSMEN WERE IN THE STATION WHEN IT HAPPENED AND ALL THE TERRORISTS ARE EITHER IN HOSPITAL OR POLICE CUSTODY NOW

THEREFORE IT WAS ONE OF THE PRESSMEN ONE OF THE PRESSMEN HAD TURNED INTO THE SUPERHUMAN

THE ZARATHUSTRA FILE MADE IT CLEAR THAT SUCH A TRANSFORMATION WAS POSSIBLE BUT IT DIDN'T SAY WHO THE SUPER [redacted]

THAT PIECE OF INFORMATION HAD VANISHED WITH THE PROJECT'S [redacted] FLED TO SOUTH AMERICA

BUT IT WAS LOGICAL TO ASSUME THAT THE TRANSFORMATION FROM HUMAN TO SUPER-HUMAN REQUIRED A MASSIVE TRANSFERENCE OF ENERGY PERHAPS LIGHT HEAT RADIATION.

MOST OF THE HOSPITALIZED TERRORISTS WERE SUFFERING FROM CONCUSSION WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED ONLY THE ONE NAMED STEVEN CAMBRIDGE WAS SUFFERING FROM BURNS

[illegible]CEPT ON

AH GOOD DAY ANGELS OF MERCY

AM DR CAUSLEY THE BURNS SPECIALIST COME TO SEE MR STEVEN CAMBRIDGE MY PAPERS DEAR LADY

OH OH YES OF COURSE

MR CAMBRIDGE IS IN THE THIRD ROOM ON THE RIGHT IT'S EMPTY APART FROM HIM I'LL SEE YOU'RE NOT DISTURBED DR CAUSLEY

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

X RAY

DID YOU SEE HIS TEETH? HE HAD BLUE TEETH

ANNUNCIATION

ALL RIGHT THATS EVERYTHING BACK IN THE CAR IF YOU'VE FINISHED WE CAN GO HOME

OKAY

I WAS JUST THINKING...ABOUT THE AGE GAP BETWEEN YOU AND MIRACLEMAN I THINK YOU AND MIRACLEMAN ARE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE

I THINK YOU HAVE TWO SEPERATE

SAY THERE **ARE** TWO BODIES SAY ONE EXISTS IN UH REAL TIME AND SPACE AND THE OTHER'S UH SOMEWHERE ELSE UNTIL YOU SAY YOUR MAGIC WORD AND MAKE THE SWITCHOVER

MAYBE THE BODY THAT OCCUPIES REAL TIME IS THE ONLY ONE THAT **AGES** THE HUMAN BODY IN YOUR CASE THE SUPERHUMAN ONE IN THE CASE OF JOHNNY BATES

DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?

WELL, MAYBE IT'S A BIT SCIENCE-FICTIONY IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW WE SHARE THE SAME MIND IF WE DON'T SHARE THE SAME BODY ALTHOUGH

IT ISN'T **EXACTLY** THE SAME MIND HE'S CLEVERER THAN ME DID I TELL YOU THAT? WE SHARE THE SAME MIND AND MEMORIES BUT HE'S CLEVERER THAN I AM

HMMM

MIKE?

YEAH?

I'VE MISSED MY LAST TWO PERIODS AND I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY AND IT ISN'T YOURS IT'S MIRACLEMAN'S

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

SANCTION

TIC TAC TIC TAC

HUH? WHADDAYOL WANT CHOCOLATE?

HELLO STEVE I KNOW YOUCANT HEAR ME WITH YOUR BURST EARDRUMS. I'M EVELYN CREAM AND I'M HERE REPRESENTING THE SPOOK SHOW

THE SPOOKSHOW? BUT THAT'S A SECRET SERVICE OPER JH

YOU VE COME TO KILL ME, ANT YOU?

NO STEVE IF YOU ANSWER MY QUESTIONS I WONT KILL YOU

YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT HOW WERE YOU INJURED STEVE?

HOW WAS I ? IT WAS THAT REPORTER BLOKE THE ONE WHO WAS SICK

I HAD TO TAKE HIM OUTSIDE WE WERE IN THE CORRIDOR AND I HEARD HIM SORT [redacted] AND.

AND THEN HE EXPLODED THERE WAS THIS FLASH, LIKE, AND

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME

I BELIEVE YOU STEVE WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

THE REPORTER?

HE WAS A SORT OF MIDDLE AGED BUY

FORTY-FIVISH

BIG BLOKE HAD A CREW-CUT

LANDERS LIPSCOMB MALACEWIC MORAN ROBE VERN KEN PAR SAI

THANK YOU STEVE YOUVE BEEN TERRIBLY HELPFUL OH. AND YOU REMEMBER HOW I PROMISED TO KILL YOU?

YEAH?

I WAS LYING STEVE

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

END OF CHAPTER 7

LIKE A KITE THAT HAS LOST ITS WAR WITH THE WIND I HANG CRUCIFIED UPON THE SKY

SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE SOIL AND THE STARS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH, BETWEEN THE ANGELS AND THE APES

THERE IS NO-ONE LIKE ME.

I'M MIRACLEMAN

GRAVITY IS A SULLEN GIANT WHO SNATCHES IRRITABLY AT MY HEELS.

THE HURRICANE IS MY MISTRESS I SLIDE MY BODY ACROSS HER ARCTIC VECTORS AND HER SIGH IS AN ECSTACY OF BIRDS

HER NAILS RAKE MY BACK AND SHE HOWLS HER BITTERNESS, BEGGING ME TO STAY, PLEADING WITH ME TO DENY THE DARK AND JEALOUS PLANET THAT WAITS BELOW.

BUT I CAN'T I CAN'T

I CAN'T

KIMOTA

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 8

BLUE MURDER

I'M MICHAEL MORAN. I'M A FORTY TWO YEAR OLD MAN, I'M STANDING ON A ROOFTOP AND I FEEL STUPID. ALL MY LIFE I'VE FELT STUPID.

THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE LIKE ME

HI

HI

HOW ARE THINGS IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE THIS MORNING?

OKAY

YOU FEEL ALRIGHT?

FINE

Art: ALAN DAVIS COLORS: RON COURTNEY

I SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF SOMETHING WHEN YOU WERE OUT YOU KNOW HOW YOUR MIRACLEMAN COSTUME GOT ALL TORN UP WHEN YOU WERE FIGHTING JOHNNY BATES?

WELL NEXT TIME YOU CHANGED TO MIRACLEMAN IT WAS ALL IN ONE PIECE AGAIN AND WE NEVER EVEN NOTICED ISN'T THAT STRANGE? SO ANYWAY, MY THEORY IS THAT

LIZ

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT MIRACLEMAN THIS MORNING EH? LET'S JUST HAVE BREAKFAST AND BE NORMAL PEOPLE THIS MORNING

OKAY?

IT'S THE BABY, ISN'T IT?

ISN'T WHAT THE BABY?

OH, GIVE ME A BREAK, MIKE, PLEASE IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS SINCE I TOLD YOU I WAS PREGNANT AND YOU'VE MAYBE SAID A DOZEN WORDS TO ME SINCE THEN

WE'VE WANTED KIDS FOR YEARS AND NOT BEEN ABLE TO HAVE THEM WHAT'S DIFFERENT NOW?

DIFFERENT? WHO SAID ANYTHING WAS DIFFERENT? YOU'RE HAVING A BABY? GREAT THAT'S GREAT WHY SHOULD I

DAILY Mirror

OH HELL

MIKE? MIKE, I'M SORRY ..I DON'T MEAN

IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME

I JUST FEEL SO SCREWED UP ALL THE TIME. IT'S JUST ALL THIS STUFF THAT'S HAPPENING AND THE BABY IT'S JUST

IT'S JUST THAT IT'S NOT MY BABY IS IT? IT'S M.RACLEMAN'S

I COULDN'T GIVE YOU A BABY BUT ONE NIGHT WITH HIM AND OH, CHRIST, LIZ, HE'S JUST SO MUCH BETTER THAN I AM AT EVERYTHING

MIKE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IT'S YOUR BABY I MEAN, YOU'RE MIRACLEMAN, AREN'T YOU?

YES NO. OH HELL, LIZ I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE HE THINKS SO DIFFERENTLY TO ME HIS THOUGHTS ARE LIKE POETRY OR SOMETHING AND HIS EMOTIONS

HIS EMOTIONS ARE SO PURE WHEN **HE** LOVES YOU IT'S GIGANTIC HIS LOVE IS SO STRONG AND DIRECT AND CLEAN

WHEN I LOVE YOU IT'S ALL TANGLED UP WITH WHO'S NOT DOING THEIR SHARE OF THE WASHING UP, AND TWISTED, NEUROTIC LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT

SOMETIMES I WANT TO BE HIM ALL THE TIME AND SOMETIMES I WISH HE'D JUST VANISH AND LEAVE US ALONE

I'LL SORT IT OUT JUST GIVE ME SOME SPACE LIZ, AND I'LL SORT IT OUT

HEY, LOOK IT'S NEARLY NINE O'CLOCK I SAID I'D CALL IN AT THE OFFICE BY TEN TO SEE WHAT WORK WAS GOING

DON'T WORRY, LIZ IT'LL ALL BE ALRIGHT PROMISE

I LOVE YOU MIKE I REALLY LOVE YOU

AND I LOVE YOU, LIZ AS WELL AS I'M ABLE

LOOK I'VE GOT TO GO

YEAH TAKE CARE, MIKE

NO PROBLEM I'M A SUPERHERO NOTHING CAN HURT ME

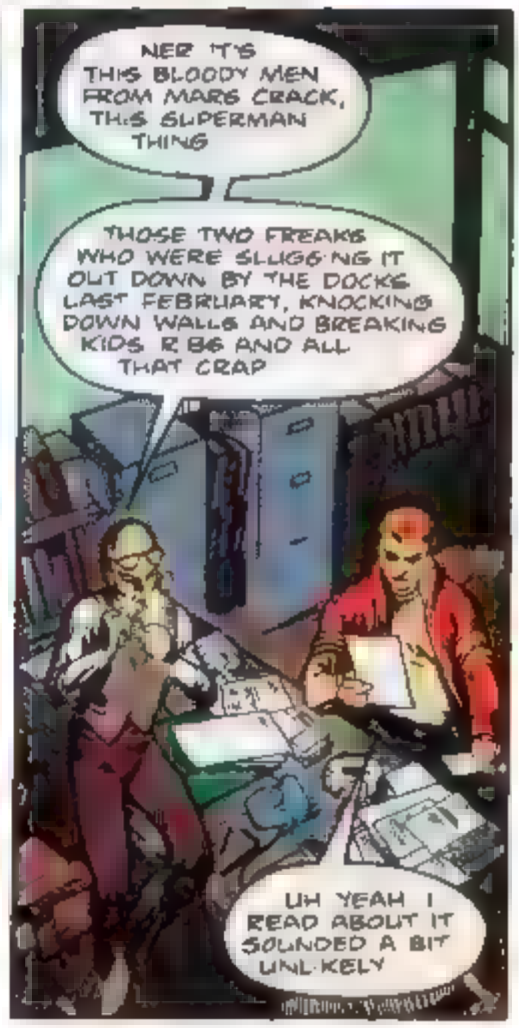
'BYE

FIVE TO TEN
AILY RECORD

MORNING, MICK
JULIE

A WHAT? A D-NOTICE? OH, THAT'S BLOODY GREAT. THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED
NO, I KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, OKAY, BRIAN THANKS
FEATURES EDITOR
'BYE

HOW DO, MICK TAKE A SEAT
THANKS WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A D-NOT CE? SOMETHING ELSE ON THE FALKLANDS OR WHAT?


NER IT'S THIS BLOODY MEN FROM MARS CRACK, THIS SUPERMAN THING
THOSE TWO FREAKS WHO WERE SLUGG NG IT OUT DOWN BY THE DOCKS LAST FEBRUARY, KNOCKING DOWN WALLS AND BREAKING KIDS R B6 AND ALL THAT CRAP
UH YEAH I READ ABOUT IT SOUNDED A BIT UNL KELY

YEAH? WELL YOU WON'T BE READING ANY MORE ABOUT IT. CHRIST, I'D GOT SUCH A TERRIFIC ANGLE ON IT. YOU REMEMBER THAT POWER STATION THING? LARKSMERE?

WHERE PAUL GOT THAT PHOTO OF SOMEONE FLYING THROUGH THE ROOF? WELL, IT'S CONNECTED ISN'T IT? WITH THIS OTHER BUSINESS. HAS TO BE.

SO THERE WAS ME ALL SET TO RUN IT AS A FEATURE AND WHAT DO THE BLOODY GOVERNMENT DO? SLAP A BLOODY D-NOTICE ON IT. IT'S BLOODY PROFUMO ALL OVER A-BLOODY-GAIN.

UH, PETE? YOU SAID THERE MIGHT BE SOME WORK FOR ME IF I LOOKED IN THIS MORNING...

DID I? WELL, LOOK, I'M SORRY, MIKE, BUT IT'S A BIT THIN ON THE GROUND AT PRESENT. I'M HAVING TO GIVE ALL THE WORK TO THE STAFF PEOPLE.

GIVE IT A GO NEXT WEEK, OKAY?

TEN FIFTEEN.

CHINK

DARREN, STOP IT!

I SAID **STOP** IT, DARREN, AND I **MEANT** IT.

HE WANTS HIS BOTTLE.

EVER SO SORRY, LOVE, BUT COULD YOU HOLD HIM WHILE I FISH IT OUT OF MY BAG?

UH, WELL, I'M NOT... UH, YEAH. YES, OF COURSE.

HELLO.

HELLO.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY, AREN'T YOU?

YOU'RE A BIG BOY.

MISTER MORAN?

YEAH?

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CHANGE TO MIRACLEMAN WITHOUT ROASTING THAT INNOCENT LITTLE BABY THE WAY YOU ROASTED THAT TERRORIST?

SHUT
SHUTT
SHUTTT

AND HE THINKS "I'M A SUPERHERO."

AND HE THINKS "NOTHING CAN HURT ME."

AND HE THINKS "WHAT A STUPID WAY TO DIE."

MOO?

AND FINALLY: "WHY SAPPHIRE TEETH?"

TO BE CONTINUED?

M*****MAN: FULL STORY AND PICS

In the beginning, there was SUPERMAN. Beyond that point, things become a little more complicated and the constantly-multiplying offshoots of the Superhero family tree erupt outwards in a vast tangle of deadwood, but of the beginning we are certain. Superman came first.

In time, Superman begat the original CAPTAIN MARVEL, albeit on the wrong side of the sheets. This, at least, was the claim of the lawyers representing DC Comics when they filed a suit for plagiarism against The Captain's publishers, FAWCETT COMICS, back in those inconceivably distant and far-away days before anyone had heard of Michael Jackson or Cabbage Patch Dolls. Strangely enough, once the dust had settled and DC were left victorious with their copyright unsullied, the sudden halt in production of all Captain Marvel material seemed to have spawned yet another generation in this dubious line of descent. His name, at the time, was MARVELMAN, and, failing blood tests to the contrary, there is at least a case for considering him to be the illegitimate grandson of the original Man of Tomorrow . . . figuratively speaking, of course.

What happened was roughly as follows. Back in 1954, over in that part of the globe now usually referred to as The Proposed Theatre of Limited Thermonuclear Conflict but which we English still quaintly refer to as "Europe," an English publishing company called L. MILLER & SON were busily reprinting black-and-white British editions of the adventures of Captain Marvel and his thunderbolt-emblazoned cohorts. Entitled CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES for the first two dozen issues of its run, the title found itself without any material to reprint as a direct result of the DC/Fawcett lawsuit.

Faced with this dilemma, publisher Len Miller turned to the Gower Street studios of one Mick Anglo for assistance. According to Anglo, he suggested to Miller that a new trio of adventurers be designed, similar enough to their forebears, The Marvel Family, to warrant a continuation of the popular title and yet with enough superficial differences to avoid any possible copyright problems. Captain Marvel would receive a new costume, a new haircut and a new name, becoming Marvelman. Captain Marvel Jr. would go from a dark haired and crippled newsboy to a blonde messenger boy who was apparently sound of limb, even if impeded with the same of 'Dicky Dauntless.' Mary Marvel, perhaps in an attempt to avoid exciting the deep seated prejudice against girls held by most pre-pubertal British schoolboys, was painlessly transformed into a crop-headed young type known variously as Johnny Bates and KID MARVELMAN. The word 'SHAZAM' became the word 'KIMOTA,' the villainous DR. SIVANA gained a thatch of black hair and metamorphosed into one DR. GARGUNZA, and finally the transfer was complete. The 24th issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES contains the additional phrase 'THE MARVELMAN' stripped in beneath the cover logo, and with the arrival of the following issue the title had been changed so as to read, simply, 'MARVELMAN.' This was the first issue in which the character appeared, despite the fact that book contained the numbering of its injunction-bound predecessor.

This was during the week ending February 3rd, 1954. The same week also saw the debut of Miller's YOUNG MARVELMAN title, starting its numbering from 24 after a 23 issue run of the adventures of Captain Marvel Junior. Both of these titles were weekly for the greater part of their run, each notching up an impressive 370 issues before biting the dust in the February of 1963. Less enduring was a companion title, MARVELMAN FAMILY, which lasted a mere 30 issues, running from October 1956 to November 1959. Then of course there were the hard-covered annuals and the Marvelman Family 'Magic Painting Books,' which, by applying a wet brush to the muddy grey pages, could be paranormally transformed into a polychromatic gallery of muddy pink, muddy blue and muddy yellow. Considering the various items of merchandising similar to the above and the sheer volume of published stories, The Marvelman Family did pretty well for itself during its nine year run, albeit apparently not well enough to stave off the discontinuation of the titles by L. Miller & Son in 1963.

Looking back, especially from the perspective of a generation raised amongst a near-infinite array of mutants, cyborgs and grimly realistic vigilantes, it must be difficult to perceive any appeal at all in this first run of Marvelman's adventures. The stories were simplistic in both art and script, and to anyone familiar with the exploits of the original Fawcett Marvel Family the characters must seem woefully derivative. However, back when I was six years old in 1959, Marvelman was the first and only costumed hero I'd ever seen. Perhaps there were other British characters that qualified as super heroes . . . characters like Dan Dare, the Steel Claw and The Spider certainly possessed all of the required attributes . . . but Marvelman was the first and only superhuman in the recognized American style until Marvel Comics introduced their U.S. produced CAPTAIN BRITAIN to these shores in the late seventies.

Of course, within a couple of years I would have discovered my first few imported copies of DC's FLASH and SUPERMAN and have casually abandoned my flimsy black-and-white copies of MARVELMAN for the four-color exploits of my new transatlantic idols, but back there in 1959, Marvelman held a special place in my affections.

The art, though crude in places, was occasionally brought to surprising peaks by the talents of the many

Continued on Page 31

fine illustrators working at Mick Anglo's Gower Street studio. There was Anglo himself, of course, along with such notables as DON LAWRENCE, best known for his breath-taking color work on THE TRIGAN EMPIRE, and RON EMBLETON, famed for his stint on WICKED WANDA, amongst other things. While the presence of these talents certainly didn't hinder my childhood appreciation of the series, I'd be lying if I didn't admit that Marvelman himself was very definitely the centre of attraction. There was something about that Nordic crew-cut and that striped and oddly military-looking blue uniform that held an indefinable fascination. Looking back with the benefit of hindsight, it strikes me that of all the existent super beings in comic books, Marvelman was the one who adhered most closely in the visual department to the idea of a blond Aryan superman as expounded by the Nazi party of Germany during the thirties and forties. Maybe it was this visual closeness to the dark archetype at the centre of the Overman myth that gave Marvelman his edge, although I doubt if that idea was very close to the forefront of the Marvelman readership's minds back there in the late fifties. It certainly never occurred to me.

Having been seduced away from Marvelman by the far more glamorous work flooding from America, I didn't discover the character again until I came across an old and outdated Marvelman hard-cover annual in the racks of a bookstall on the windswept sea-front at Great Yarmouth. It was 1968, and I was fifteen years old. Turning the coarse black-and-white pages, filled with stories and illustrations that seemed crude and amateurish after exposure to the work of Kirby, Ditko and Lee, I was nonetheless overcome by that warm glow of nostalgia which is probably the single biggest factor keeping us interested in this medium, whatever amount of intellectual satisfaction we manage to glean on the side.

Recognizing that the annual was several years out of date and realizing that since I hadn't seen an actual *Marvelman* since the early sixties the title had probably been discontinued, I wondered idly what Marvelman was doing these days. I was struck by the image of the eternally youthful and exuberant hero as a middle-aged man, trudging the streets and trying fruitlessly to remember his magic word. I'm not sure where the image came from, but it had a sort of humour and poignancy that recalled it to my memory several times over the following years, gradually reshaping and extending the image inside my head until I had almost a complete story worked out. The story remained as a private amusement until the early 1980s, by which time I was embarked upon a modestly successful career as a comic book writer and cartoonist.

In 1981 I was contacted by Dez Skinn, who, it seemed, had been planning to revive Marvelman for a new comic magazine that he planned to publish independently. Some months previous to this, being interviewed in the journal of The Society of Strip Illustrators, I had mentioned almost as a joke my desire for someone to revive the character so that I could write it, and it was this that may have prompted Skinn to call me. Garry Leach was finally decided upon being the best artist for the kind of Marvelman that we wanted to attempt, and the two of us began working together towards a redefining of the character which was finally to appear in March, 1982 in WARRIOR's premiere issue.

Determining an approach to the art and writing that was as realistic as we could make it at the time, we tried to establish Marvelman as very much a character for the 1980s . . . a superhero far removed in execution and concept from the derivative Captain Marvel clone of the fifties, and, hopefully, a more extreme and radical approach to the superhero concept than had been attempted at any time since. This, at least, was our intention, remaining undiminished when Alan Davis took over the job of artist from Garry with Warrior no. 8.

The strip seemed to be fairly well received, at least critically speaking, and managed to harvest a reasonable number of Eagle awards during its stint in Warrior. The only real problems that have arisen have been those connected with exporting the title to America under the Eclipse banner. Despite the fact that 'Marvelman' has been a copyrighted character in England since 1954, it was feared that a certain major American comic company (not DC) might take exception to a comic entitled Marvelman being published upon its own turf. Despite the fact that the company concerned hadn't adopted their name until the very early sixties, it was decided that corporate clout and legal muscle would be more likely to decide the issue than such comparative trivialities as the concepts of right and wrong. Thus, the comic that you hold in your hand is entitled MIRACLEMAN. For all practical intents and purposes, the character that you read about in these pages is called Miracleman, has always been called Miracleman and always will be called Miracleman unless some jumped-up Johnny-come-lately outfit called MIRACLE COMICS emerges in the early 1990s and forces us to change it to MACKERELMAN. Hopefully, however, this little explanatory ramble might help you newer readers to bear the character's previous history in mind as you read about his latest incarnation in the months to come. Try to remember two things: Firstly, he may be the bastard offspring of the Big Red Cheese, but he has Royal blue blood coursing through his veins.

Secondly, he isn't *really* called MIRACLEMAN at all.

— Alan Moore